

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.

BY

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HIGH LIFE IN PARIS--THE YELLOW KID (L'ENFANT JAUNE) TAKES AN AIRING.

esker vooz 8 ung garson frongsay? sez Sady. we, I sez, je swee ung peach. An' den t' jolly er along I sed vooz 8 ung peach o.c.

But say, bill, d' French Dangwidge aint a marker t' English. Ye can't say so much.

Ole man Kell's got a beaut. don't tell yer muther 'cause she'll tell 'im I told 'je. I gess it's absinth wot's d' queerest game we've strukk up agagents. it gets wot's w'en ye put wauter in it an' looks like milk but it aktus dif'rent, it's orful.

Kelly baut a bottl uv it an' y'd orter hav saw him. W'en he'd paured his glasses in 'fase he sed Parris wuz d' livliest city wot he'd ever seen but w'en d' bottl wuz empty Kelly swaur dat Ireland cud lick Parris wif' wun hand tide behind 'er back. Liz t'inks h's double-faced.

A Meal Zola wot's d' grate French riter cauled on us at our hotel w'en we arrived. we used t' korespond. hello Mickey, he sez come on sa va. Y'e're too fresh sez Liz, Mickey aint no comeon. Silents, Liz I sez. Silents! don't sho yer ignerence. Mealy I sez, don't mind 'er, she don't speek d' lingo.

How are dey runnin' Mickey sez Mealy. Purty good me boy, I replide, hav dey made ye a member us de Akademy yet? nit sed de ole man, but I've got hopes. Meal Zola is a grate man, billy, he rites luvly stories. if I cud ride like him I wudn't d' lingo.

D' foist t'ing wot we done after we got settled, billy, wuz t' take in d' sites o' Parris. Parris is full o' sites sum uv witch I'll tel ye all about w'en we get back 'cause yer muther mitte get this letter. D'ya ketch on, billy? o' dey're luvly.

D' foist site wot we stakked up agagents wuz d' toom uv Napolyan. say dat's a wunder. An' it made me feel orful sad. w'en I wuz standin' dere lookin' down on dat elligent sarcoufing wot's d' gide book calls it. I cride.

Yes dere frend d' teers roled down my fase w'en I thought dat I wuz standin' over d' toom uv d' greatest man wot ever lived. Jest t'ink I sed t' Liz, d' greatest scrapper wot ever lived is lyin' in d' dust at our feets. wel sed Liz he aint d' foist scrapper wot lide, dere are odders.

but t'ink uv it Liz I sez if it hadn't ben fer wauterloo dat man mitte be livin' t'day an' be d' king uv d' hole wold. o i don't no sed Liz he wuzn't so waurm, he cudn't lik Corbett I gess. Say billy ye aint got no idee how sarkastic dat goll is gettin' since she met d'

Prints o' Walls she alwuz cauls me down. an' dont forget t' cabel me w'en dat Corbett fitte cumms out.

D' next site we seen wuz de Elfel towr witch is hire dan ennyting in Parris except d' prices at the hotel. I dared Slippy Dempsey t' go up an' fall off but he wuz afrade, he aint got no sand, ye're a fraude cat I sez. o no he sexsorior like, I'm savin' my fine wolk til I get t' Switzerland.

Wile we wuz lookin' up at d' towr Sara Boinhart cumms ridin' up on her bisikl. hello fellers she sed, are ye takin' in d' sites? Yes I sed beln' d' spokeskid fer d' crowd, woddy ye t'ink uv de Elfel towr? o i don't no 1 sed, we've got bildins in Noo Yaerk wot's so high dat ye cud put dat towr in d' basement an' none uv d' tenants wud cumplanee. Is dat so, sed Sady. yes I sed lookin' her strait in de eye, dat is so. Dat's de only way t' do wid dem forriners.

Den we stroled down d' bullyard an' say billy, ye'd never gess who we run akraunes. it wuz kountess Castilane, little Annie Gould wot you an' me used t' play wid w'en we wuz yung. She wuz ridin' in a big carriaj an' w'en she seen me she neerly had a fit.

Mickey she cride I'm so glad t' see ye. Ye've grone so luvly, wel I sed if dis aint a surprise. T'ink uv me runnin' akraunes me ole friend Annie on d' streets uv Parris. How is d' Kount? out o' site, sed Annie. Wot, I cride, alreddy? no Mickey, don't get sassy.

Say Annie I sed how's d' kid? o' he's d' cutest, sweetest, livliest t'ing wot ever cum down d' Pike. Wot kind uv eyes has he got sez Liz. Aint it funny d' way dem golls wil talk about kids? Annie invited us t' take dinner at her house dat nite an' dey're all goin' except me. I'll tel ye about dat w'en I get back billy.

Say dey've got d' funniest kops here wot ye ever seen. Dey aint got no klubs an' if ye talk to 'em day giv ye a saloot. I lought dey wuz tryin' t' kid me at foist an' I cauled 'em down, but day wuz orful polite. Dey remind me uv d' kops down in Cherry street (nlt)

mr. Kelly wuz comin' home last nite wid a peetech on an' his siggar fel out uv his mouth. one uv dem John darmz, wot dey caul d' kops picked up d' butt an' stuck it in Kelly's mouth. Say de ole man wuz so surprised an' so grateful dat he told d' John darm he cud hav d' butt.

o dere billy if I only cud tel ye wot I'm gaw'n t'

do n'te, ye'd be green wid Jellusy. I've got t'

get drest now, so good by till I ritte aggen. Remember me t' d' gang.

Yours trooly,

MICKEY DUGAN.

P. S. Little Hoolihan is mad at me. we don't speek. I gave him an orful soak.